Easter Festival

OF THE

Schools of Christ Parish,

Fifth Avenue, Corner 35th Street, N. Y.

AFTERNOON OF EASTER DAY,

Sunday, March 28, 1869.

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

AMERICAN CHURCH PRESS COMPANY, PRINTERS, 164 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

I.

Processional.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once, upon the Cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia !

But the pain which He endured
Our Salvation hath procured ;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the Angels ever sing.
Alleluia ! Amen.

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the Cross and Grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia !

II.

Litany of the Resurrection.

God the Father, God the Word,
God the Holy Ghost adored,
Blessed Trinity, One Lord ;
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Jesu, for us sinners slain,
Temple, levelled to the plain,
After three days raised again ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who from Hell didst pass,
Bursting, as they were but glass,
Iron bars, and gates of brass ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, bearing to Thy fold
Patriarchs and Seers of old,
Loosed for aye from that dark hold ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Whom no threefold ward—
Stone, and seal, and soldier-guard—
From Thy Resurrection barred ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Whose arising glad
Angels, in white raiment clad,
Told unto the women sad ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, in Thy triumph seen
First by Mary Magdalene,
Standing where Thy grave had been ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who didst calm the fear
Of Thine own Apostles dear,
Saying, "Peace, for I am here ;"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who for forty days,
Present to their touch and gaze,
Taughtest them Thy kingdom's ways ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who didst then ascend
To the realm which hath no end,
And the Spirit down didst send ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who thus gavest speech
To the Twelve Thy Name to preach,
And the darkened world to teach ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

That we buried in Thy grave
By the pure Baptismal wave,
May there find Thee strong to save ;
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

That we rise from death of sin,
And through Thy dear grace may win
Perfect peace our souls within;
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

That we daily live to Thee,
Striving in humility,
Godly, pure and just to be;
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

Weaning us from earthly toys,
Grant the prize that never cloys,
Turn our sorrows into joys;
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

When hath come the day of dread,
And the graves give up their dead,
Take Thy members to their Head;
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

Grant us, when we rise again,
Purified from mortal stain,
Evermore with Thee to reign;
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

Lord, have mercy upon us. Christ, have mercy upon us. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father . . . . . but deliver us from evil. Amen.

℣. When I awake up after Thy likeness. (Alleluia.)
℟. I shall be satisfied with it. (Alleluia.)
Let us pray.

Collects.

III.

Easter Lesson.

IV.

Carol.—Easter Bells.

Gems and flowers of sweet perfume
On the Altar lay,
Jesu rising from the tomb,
Sanctifies this day;
Ring the bells out joyfully,
Swell the gladsome lay,
Crucified on Calvary,
Christ is risen to-day!

Chorus—Easter bells, chime the lay,
Christ is risen to-day!
Easter bells, chime the lay,
Christ is risen to-day!

Darkly the sepulchral gloom
Wrapped His mortal clay,
Till the angel, from the tomb
Rolled the stone away.

Then His life-imparting breath,
Bade the dead arise;
And the pallid hosts of death
Followed to the skies.

Chorus—Easter bells, &c.

Still the length'ning ages tell
His undying love;
How He, conqu'ring death and hell,
Ever reigns above.
Oh! that all might share the grace
Purchased by His pain;
Prince and Saviour! Thine the praise,
Our's the boundless gain.

Chorus—Easter bells, &c.

V.

Erection of a Model of the Jewish Tabernacle.

VI.

Carol.—Christ hath Arisen.

Christ hath risen!
Death is no more!
Lo! the white-robed ones
Sit by the door.
Dawn, golden morning,
Scatter the night!
Haste, ye disciples glad,
First with the light.

Chorus—Dawn, golden morning, etc.

Break forth in singing,
O world new-born!
Chaunt the great Eastertide,
Christ's holy morn.
Chaunt Him, young sunbeams,
Dancing in mirth!
Chaunt, all ye winds of God,
Coursing the Earth!

Chorus—Chaunt Him, etc.

Chaunt Him, ye laughing flowers,
Fresh from the sod:
Chaunt Him, wild leaping streams,
Praising your God!
Break from *thy* winter,
Sad heart, and sing!
Bud with Thy blossoms fair;
Christ is Thy Spring.

Chorus—Break from thy winter, etc.

Come where the Lord hath lain,
Past is the gloom:
See the full eye of day
Smile through the tomb.
Hark! Angel voices
Fall from the skies!
Christ hath arisen;
Clad heart arise!

Chorus—Hark! Angel voices, etc.

VII.

Offertory.

VIII.

Distribution of Gifts.

IX.

The Blessing.

X.

Recessional.